

THE ARGUS.

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Wednesday, December 22, 1915.

Rock Island—From River to River.

Preparedness for Christmas is the one great issue that is absorbing the interest of Rock Island people.

One of the automobile concerns has just declared a 100 per cent stock dividend. No, it is one of the others.

The English suffragists are showing signs of becoming violent again and just when so many men are away from home in the trenches fighting Teutons and Turks!

It is said that no successor to Boy-Ed and Von Papen will be named until after the war, thus shutting off a couple of opportunities for worry on the part of the pro-allies.

Senator William Alden Smith of Michigan is after the republican presidential nomination. If the Smiths alone stick by him he is sure of a respectable primary vote.

Difficulty is said to be experienced in locating the source of the systematic campaign to line up New York state for Colonel Roosevelt for the republican nomination for president. Tried Oyster Bay yet?

J. P. Hall, son of the chief owner of the St. Louis Federal club, has been sued for \$50,000 for breach of promise by an actress. Further evidence against the claim that there is no longer money in ball.

A Salvation Army lassie found pretty poor "pickin'" near the New York Stock Exchange. George Griggs Buchanan felt sorry for her, so he borrowed her cap, cape and tambourine, went on the exchange floor with the outfit and came back with \$100 for the poor.

Here's a new one-a-week bath yarn. Lumberjacks near Bessemer, Mich., are on a strike because the company ordered them to scrub regularly every Saturday night. "Them city regulations is too stylish for us fellers here in the woods," declared the leader of the strikers.

Years back make the nerve grow stronger. Albert William Schoon, a jewelry repair man who lives in New York, misplaced a mirror Mrs. Harry Langworth had left at his shop to be repaired. That was 25 years ago. He found it yesterday and returned it, at the same time presenting his bill for 25 cents.

Bryan's Commoner asks: "Is the Chicago Tribune so anxious to have a war somewhere that, having failed to induce this government to interfere forcibly in Mexico, it is driven to oppose peace in Europe in order that it may continue to regale its readers with the bloody details of the royal sport of man-killing?"

It is not too late for you to donate to The Argus Santa Claus fund to purchase gifts and goodies for the poor children of the city. There are nearly one thousand little tots for whom the committee must buy gifts. Leave your contribution either at The Argus office or at the headquarters of the committee in the Robinson building, Second avenue and Eighteenth street.

CROSSING ACCIDENTS.

That the railroads of the United States realize the importance of doing everything in their power to prevent grade crossing accidents is indicated by the recent action of the American Railway association. On the recommendation of its executive committee that organization has started a campaign for the prevention of such accidents and a special committee has been appointed with James A. McCrea, president of the Long Island railroad, as chairman, to investigate the entire problem.

According to statistics of the interstate commerce commission for the last ten years 9,479 persons have been killed and 21,917 injured by being struck by trains at grade crossings. In 1913 the number killed was 837 and the number injured 1,564. In 1914 the figures had increased to 1,147 killed and 2,935 injured. The increase from year to year throughout the 10-year period is steady.

That a large percentage of these casualties were due rather to the carelessness of the victim than to any fault of the railroads is shown from observations made by various roads. The Southern Pacific noted the actions of the drivers of 17,021 motor vehicles on approaching railroad crossings in a number of widely separated localities. Of the total 11,836 drivers, or almost 70 per cent, looked neither to the right or left before crossing the tracks. 2.7 per cent looked only one way and only

27.8 per cent looked both ways, while 3,301, or 19.3 per cent, crossed at a reckless speed and only 35 stopped before crossing. The Baltimore & Ohio railroad made similar observations, which showed like results. On Sept. 12 729 automobiles crossed the tracks at one street in 12 hours. Only 28 stopped to ascertain whether or not a train was approaching and 395 were not even slowed down. There were 135 drivers who looked in both directions, while 542 did not look at all before crossing.

These figures and special incidents that have at one time or another been brought to the attention of almost everyone, demonstrate that the people themselves must bear a large share of the blame for grade crossings accidents. The Railway Age Gazette, in discussing the question in a lengthy editorial, says:

"As the country develops it will be necessary for the railroads to continue to eliminate grade crossings as rapidly as they can, and the increases of population and industry that make such expenditures necessary should naturally tend to so increase earnings as to enable the roads to meet them, but meanwhile a great deal can be accomplished to make conditions safer if the roads can secure the interest and cooperation of the public and of its representatives."

ANNUAL FIRE HAZARD.

Christmas, with its holiday decorations, redolent Christmas trees, cotton snow, Santa Claus whiskers and imitation fur-trimmed suits, is nearly here. In a few days you will have an opportunity to put into practice the lessons on fire prevention which were called to your attention last fire prevention day. The retention of some of these suggestions in your mind and the sensible practice of them now they save you considerable loss, perhaps injury or death.

The American people enjoy an unique position in the world's economy by reason of their carelessness in the matter of fire prevention. We are accustomed to such an abundance that conservation is not in our vocabularies and the need of preventing fire by special precaution has never occurred to us, because whenever anything burns up we know there is plenty of material with which to replace it.

But even in this chaotic sea of carelessness there are two seasons when we seem to outdo ourselves in constructing conflagrations. One is on the Fourth of July, the other at Christmas time. To choose between the two for destructiveness would be difficult.

One of those times is approaching when the American people, never overly careful, grow more than usually careless in their handling of inflammable materials, and unless precautions are taken by thoughtful ones, the danger this year will be greater than ever.

It is necessary, if we must have Christmas trees and holiday entertainments, to use fireproof materials, to fireproof ordinary materials or to use electric lights on the trees instead of open flame candles. There are plenty of fireproof materials which can be used for Christmas tree trimmings and decorations. Cotton tinsel always been a favorite substitute for snow in trimming Christmas trees, but with the cheap materials that are offered now, the tinsel and lace, it is seldom necessary to use cotton. When it is necessary, which can only be exceptional cases, there are plenty of preparations on the market with which cotton can be made fireproof. Electric lights for Christmas trees have become so cheap of late that they have almost supplanted the candles of other years, but in homes where electricity is not available candles must sometimes be used and when this is so the greatest care should be taken in placing them.

Nothing which might mar the pleasure of Christmas ought to be permitted through carelessness. It is better to be safe than sorry and to forego some little pleasure than to turn the Christmas season into a time of mourning.

FINISH OF VILLA.

In Mexican tragedies for a long time past General Francisco Villa has been a conspicuous figure. As the Associated Press dispatches have stated, his daring and his qualities of leadership drew to him the support of numerous desperate characters in Mexico, and thus he organized a formidable fighting force. Villa's strength has been devoted to destructiveness. He has been a powerful outlaw. Cunning, resourceful and constantly conducting raids which justified the reports that he was a reckless and blood-thirsty bandit, he proved a constant menace to peace in Mexico. Reports that he has finally been cornered and forced to yield are received in the United States with satisfaction. The crushing of this bandit and his band should remove at least one serious obstacle from the path of peace through Mexico.

The Safe Spot.

"So when you had 200 feet start to escape you ran instead directly up to the bear when your gun failed to work? I don't know whether you were a foolhardy hero or a rattled fool!" declared the doctor as he sewed up Smith's numerous wounds.

"I was neither," explained Smith. "I used remarkable judgment at a critical moment. You see, the bear was between Jones and myself. I saw Jones was about to fire, so I took shelter at the safest spot—with the bear."—New York Sun.

Plain as Day.

They had ordered dinner and had waited for a half hour without results. "I wonder what makes the waiters in this place so thin and hungry looking?" she remarked.

"I suppose it is because when they sit down to eat they are waited on by the other waiters," he replied.—Spokane Spokesman-Review.

Selected by Tavenner



To the Readers of The Argus:

The Argus has generously agreed to permit me to make a regular contribution under this head, to use the space as if it were my own. I am left free to make my selection from where I will, whether it is timely or untimely; to search the highways and the byways for what may impress me as of interest and value to the people.

I assure my readers I shall try to make the most of the opportunity. To do so I must forget that party lines exist, and I will, just as I wish it might be practical for them not to exist and that the principal issue on election day might be, not whether a candidate belongs to this or that political party, but whether he is willing to serve the masses of the people or the few who exploit them.

In other words, my idea is to submit information or a thought that I would give to the world if I myself edited a newspaper, the only mission of which was to serve mankind; to do this and nothing more.

When I personally write the contribution, I will sign it, and when I present the thought and work of others I will so indicate.

CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

THE INHERITANCE TAX.

Reports from Washington give meager mention of the possible introduction in the coming congress of a bill providing for a federal tax on inheritances. In spite of the fact that such a tax was recommended in the report of the Walsh committee on industrial relations, which was anathema to some of our very best forces, it is indicated that the proposed bill will have support from a considerable element in congress. There is ample reason why an inheritance tax should be collected in the United States, and the present time, with other sources of revenue already utilized and the prospect of tremendous expenditures for military preparedness, would seem to be the logical time to inaugurate it.

It is a fundamental of taxation that citizens should contribute to the support of the government according to the benefits they enjoy under it. When taxes are levied indirectly, however, as by means of high protective duties, the principle is likely to be violated; the poor pay far more heavily, in proportion to their holdings, than the rich. The income tax is a commendable effort to enforce the correct principle in taxation, and does succeed in placing a just share of taxation on the shoulders of those most able to bear it. But the income tax, in the nature of things, cannot distinguish between incomes earned by exceptional ability and exceptional service to mankind on the one hand, and incomes accruing without effort and solely from inherited wealth on the other.

A reasonable tax levied against inheritances exceeding a certain sum would gather revenue from a source

which in justice would contribute to the support of the government. It would tend toward further shifting of taxation burden from the poor to the rich and would draw revenue from a class whose tendency is generally to become parasitical, rather than productive. It would tend, eventually, to curb the accumulation of those vast and useless fortunes which are menacing the freedom of commerce and industry and tending gradually but certainly toward an American aristocracy of wealth.

Every thinkable argument against the inheritance tax was brought forward by the ultra-conservatives in England when the measure was first proposed in that country, but its justice was so self-evident that the arguments were overwhelmingly rejected. England is now collecting a large share of her revenues from this source, and has lately increased the assessment against inheritances to provide war funds. Sooner or later the inheritance tax must be considered in the United States. In view of the impending expenditures for preparedness, it would seem that this consideration should come with the next session of congress.—Peoria Journal.

WORKERS WILL PROFIT.

Government manufacture will mean that the workmen who perform the labor of actually making the munitions will receive higher wages and better working conditions than if the contracts for war materials are awarded the private munition firms, among which are numbered the most bitter enemies of organized labor in the United States. CLYDE H. TAVENNER.

ANGLO-FRENCH INCIDENT

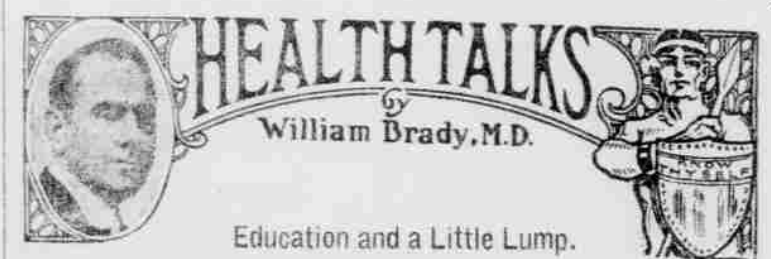
Having established international precedent by its insistence upon the release of Mason and Siffert, following their arrest on board the Trent by Captain Wilkes of the San Jacinto, it is difficult to see how France hopes to justify its similar action in removing German citizens, even though they were in official capacity, from American Porto Rico liners. Difficult, unless perhaps, France is determined to cast international law to the discard as its British ally has done.

Although the Trent was a British ship and flying British colors the French government took a prominent part in the Trent dispute, because one of the two confederates seized was going to France as an agent of the Confederate government. In a note addressed to the state department of the United States at that time the French government said:

"It (the Trent) was carrying its cargo and its passengers to a neutral country, and moreover, it had taken them on in a neutral port. If it were admissible that under such conditions the neutral flag did not completely cover the persons and merchandise which it was transporting, its immunity

would no longer be anything but an empty word, at any time the commerce and navigation of third powers would have to suffer from their harmless or even indirect relations with one or the other of the belligerents; the latter would no longer be entitled merely to require entire impartiality of a neutral and to forbid him from interfering in any way in the hostilities, but they would place upon his freedom of commerce and navigation restrictions, the lawfulness of which modern international law has refused to admit."

The analogy between the Trent affair and the one at present under discussion is perfect. Even to the slightest detail the two are alike and there are no extenuating circumstances to be advanced by France to make the action of its commander jibe with the international law which it so boldly stated above and the precedent which it so boldly set and upheld. There can be but one outcome to the unfortunate affair—the German prisoners must be set free and France must apologize. This we have a right to demand and reason to expect.



Education and a Little Lump.

"Reading your articles in the paper," writes a correspondent, "has impressed me greatly and helped me and other members of my family in various practical ways. About 10 days ago my wife discovered a small lump in the right breast. Following your suggestion of some little time ago, we immediately called our family physician, who made a thorough examination." "The doctor started right—'and advised us that he could find no proof of cancer, giving us a prescription and asking us to call again in two weeks. The doctor said that if it did not go away soon the proper thing was to cut it out. He explained that a piece of the lump would be examined microscopically to determine whether it was a cancer."

"Now some of our friends tell us this might have the effect of scattering the germs if it is of cancerous nature. Others say it should be determined while the patient is on the table whether the condition is cancer or not. So we are very anxious to find out the safe course. My wife is 49 years old, apparently well, a little over-weight."

We quote the writer not verbatim, but by condensing his letter. It teaches a lesson.

The family doctor very evidently knows his business. Didn't he make a thorough examination? Furthermore, he gave an honest opinion—neither jumping to the conclusion that every lump is a cancer, nor letting the patient go away without the injunction to return in two weeks. The doctor found no sign of cancer, yet he could not be sure without at

least a second examination. He is the kind of doctor we should like to have care for our loved ones.

But the gentleman's letter teaches more. The friends offered gratuitous advice. Didn't the friends know? Hadn't they had a second cousin who had a cancer?

The idea—hesitating between the gratuitous advice of busybodies and the opinion of an expert! And our correspondent's letter shows that he is an educated man. It is without a single flaw.

When the family doctor spoke of excising a portion of the lump for diagnosis, of course he meant that it is done with the patient under anesthesia, and the diagnosis made in five minutes, so that the operation may be directed accordingly. As for "scattering the germs"—that is mere old wives' gossip. No one has found the germs or other cause of cancer as yet. And there has never been reason to imagine the disease could be aggravated by such procedure.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

The Baby's Colic.

What makes our baby, seven weeks old, keep the household in an uproar every night with colic? Isn't there any way to prevent it? writes a father.

Answer—Surely. First be sure it is colic—very frequently it isn't. Then stop feeding such high protein food, avoid castor oil, give the baby and mother a daily airing in the open, and rely upon warm enemata given through soft catheter to relieve the distress.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

A. Rigby, Blackface Man.

Arthur Rigby, who has been a public entertainer for upwards of 30 years, has been spending a few days in Rock Island. He is one of the performers on the vaudeville bill which closes this evening at the Empire theatre.

Rigby is a blackface minstrel. He tells stories, cracks jokes, but does not sing or dance, although he gives an imitation of both. Rigby's position is that if he seriously attempted to render a song number he would fail in his effort to convince his audience that he was a trained vocalist. He says he is not even untrained. He does know how to dance, he claims, but says there are so many people before the public who take shaking their feet as serious business that he feels for him to essay to execute artistic steps would be merely adding to the already too large army that is seeking to make a living in this particular field of stage endeavor. Hence he simply wobbles his feet, but he does it after a fashion that for any other actor to try to imitate him would be fatal to the former's future. Others have sought to acquire the peculiar movements originated by Rigby, but they have never yet, so far as the records go, gotten up sufficient nerve to permit the folks who pay at the box office to view them. Hence Rigby has a rarity in the variety business—an almost original act.

You may or you may not care for it, but Rigby is still cashing it. He doesn't even have to carry a special card. He says the only drop he will ever have is when he grows so stale that some armed person will so far forget himself as to pick him off in the middle of his act. Of course this is a bit of Arthur's well known facetiousness, as there is little likelihood that he will force himself after he has attained to the age when all good actors voluntarily ring down the curtain upon their activities.

Rigby was reminiscing in a circle of Rock Island friends the other night and when he arched in a date he was corrected by Tim Collins, our retired capitalist. Arthur and Tim have been friends so many years that neither will hazard a guess of the time when they first met. Tim says it was during the Civil war, but Arthur insists they were serving in different regiments and that it must have been after the rebellion was ended. But be that as it may, as Bobby Gayler used to put it: "You will hear theatrical managers claiming that the public taste has changed," said Rigby. "I beg to disagree with them. I have traveled both continents, and have found that people are just people, and that is all there is to it. They want to be entertained and they are ready to fork over their good money to the theatre that will most their desires. Let me tell you where the trouble lies: We haven't had coming along fast enough young people with brains and the faculty of using them in the entertainment business. I am speaking with particular reference to vaudeville. Don't blame the managers. They go into the open market and buy the best they can find—just the same as men do in other lines. Take the average song and dance team. As they enter the orchestra strikes up some ragtime air and the performers break into a cry about being so far away from Tennessee and they are going back just as soon as they accumulate cash. This is followed by another selection describing the moonlight in Alabama or the cotton fields of Louisiana. They are all headed south. Why don't some of them warble about the moon and the flowers of the north? You get my point: They all do the same stunt, with slight variations."

"I have attended rehearsals—you know all the actors must go over their stuff with the orchestra before they open an engagement—and have heard a team break into a song and seen an open pair figuratively cave in their shoes. 'My act is killed,' says one. 'Them guys stole that song from us when they seen we were knocking 'em out of the seats. That's the h— of it, just as soon as an artist gets going good some rum from the brass comes along and plays pirate. Of course the bums go on first, and that's what makes it tough on we high priced performers.' That's the rattle you hear on the stage when the audience is not in front."

"The truth of the matter is that the music publishing houses send their new songs to every professional whose name they have on file and tell him he is the only one who is to be thus favored. Each singer gets busy, learns the latest hit, and the result is the public is bombarded with it from one end of the season to the other. It is the same with gags. Some writer will prepare a line of new stuff for an entertainer which the latter pays for. The big city newspapers publish the bits that win the laughs and the suit case circuit comedians cop it from the papers. How many times do you hear the September Morn joke? A hundred, I'll wager, and some of 'em are still pulling it."

"What the public wants is originality, even if it isn't the brightest brand. Of course it is not always possible for an entertainer to change his act in its entirety every season, but he should freshen it, drop the dead stuff and substitute live lines. There is room in vaudeville today for bright people who understand human nature and know the art of stirring the risibilities of the theatre patron. Of course many buy a ticket at the box office, take a seat and assume an attitude of 'I dare you to make me laugh,' but the great majority of people go to the theatre in a mood to laugh, and if a performer is half way amusing he is appreciated."

"To be sure the pictures have made inroads on vaudeville, but, in my judgment, it will not be permanent. New blood has begun to show and it won't be long until you will see fresh faces in our vaudeville theatres, actors who

The Daily Story

A Find on the Beach—By M. Quad.

The Palawan Islands, in the China sea, are to the north of Borneo and form a part of the Philippine group. They stretch out for a distance of 700 miles and number nearly a thousand. In the year 1882 I was landed on one of the Palawans from a Singapore trader to get up and run a copra plant. I had with me four Chinese, and the trader landed provisions for a year.

Nothing of special interest occurred until I had been on the island three months. Then one morning as I went down to the boat to go on a fishing trip I was amazed to find tracks of a woman's bare feet on the wet sands.

Whoever had visited our island in the darkness had come up out of the depths of the sea. No boat or raft had landed on the shore. The footprints were as plain as a plaster cast, and we were immediately interested and more or less excited. After thinking the matter over I decided that the woman must have come from one of two islands north and south and determined to give both a search. I set off to the north and in the course of an hour made a landing. This island had an area of not more than five acres. I went over it carefully, but not a living thing did I find.

It was noon when I got back to my own island, and after dinner I set out to search the other. As this one had more vegetation I took with me a boy, who was about fifteen years of age and named Whang.

It was near sunset when we put off after a vain search, and when we reached the reef surrounding our island and a half a mile out from the beach, the evening breeze died out to a flat calm, and we lay like a log. Before taking to the oar to scull us into the shore I sat quiet for a minute listening to the whispers of the sea. Whang leaned over the rail of the boat and watched the sharks darting to and fro and leaving trails of fire behind them, and things were so still that I could hear the ticking of my watch, when there came a strange interruption. It was the voice of a woman in laughter, and it sounded close by. We both sprang up at the sound, wondering if our ears had deceived us, and as we stood listening the sounds came again. When they had died away the boy turned to me and whispered:

"Master, let us get ashore at once! There is a witch of the sea close by, and she will drag us down!"

I waited ten minutes, and hearing nothing more, I picked up the oar and sculled in to the landing. There I found the three Chinamen waiting for me, and they were in a state of great excitement. They had heard the laughter, and they believed with the

boy that a witch of the sea was hanging about and meant to do us harm. I simply contented myself with saying that we would leave some provisions on the beach that night and see if they were missing in the morning and with sleeping with one eye open to see that the frightened fellows did not steal the boat and make off to some other island.

We were down on the beach when daylight came, and there were fresh tracks again. The woman had crept about the heap of provisions, but had touched nothing. The Chinese were absolutely knocked out with consternation, and only my promise to watch the beach that night and capture or shoot the witch calmed them down. I remained with them all that day to prevent them from plotting, and it was not until midnight that I took up my watch on the shore.

It was low tide at 2 o'clock. I was concealed behind a heap of brush, and it was a starlight night. At that hour a figure which looked like a human being came out of the gentle surf and began to walk up and down the beach. As it walked away from me I rose up and went forward on tiptoe and was within thirty feet of it when it caught the alarm and fled back to the water like a shadow. I heard an exclamation of alarm and splashes in the water and saw the wake as the "it" swam away. I had meant to keep cool, but the sight of the figure excited me, and its escape when I figured on capture added to it, and so, hardly knowing what I did, I drew one of my revolvers and began firing as the swimmer moved away. I fired six shots, but I heard no cry of pain or other sound.

I went back to the Chinamen and found them chattering in terror, and if they had not been afraid of the witch they would have made a rush for the boat and left me alone on the island. I sat watching them till daylight came, and then we all went down to the beach. The tide was coming in, but we found tracks as before. While we were hurrying about, arguing and discussing, the tide brought in the naked limb and foot of a woman, a white woman. It had been torn from the body by the sharks, and it was the foot which had made the tracks in the sand. One of my shots had struck and killed her as she swam away, and the blood had brought the savage sharks to the attack. There lay the limb before us, with the flesh hard and firm, though showing a bruise here and there. But no other part of the body came ashore. To whom the limb had belonged, how she had been cast away there, where she was hiding, why she did not seek our protection—none of these questions can I answer. We buried the limb in the sands and heard no more of the nymph of the sea.

Sidelights on the European War

Peking.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—Yuan Kuo-ling, the eldest son of President Yuan Shi-kai, recently had an audience with Ti Yen, the well known Buddhist monk who has been holding religious revivals in Peking. Details of this meeting have been widely reported in the Chinese press and are causing much comment because of political significance.

The president's son is reported to have told the monk that for several years he suffered an illness which compelled him to give up all aspirations for worldly affairs and to devote himself to the study of Buddhist writings, but as soon as he grasped the essential principles of these sacred teachings he found his health greatly improved.

Ti Yen replied that a man's earthly existence is anything but real. "However," he continued, "as your highness occupies such a position that some day you will have the responsibility of the whole nation on your shoulders, it is my highest hope that your highness will take care of your health so as to enable you to serve your country in the coming days. A man's spiritual and secular duties are not irreconcilable."

Yuan Kuo-ling responded: "If some day the responsibility of the whole nation is thrust on my shoulders I shall faithfully serve the country."

At the request of Ti Yen, the president's son promised to become the defender of the Buddhist faith, and to use his best efforts to promote the Buddhist religion in China.

Shanghai.—China's appeal to the foreign powers to preserve peace in portions of the republic beyond Chinese jurisdiction is somewhat justified by conditions in Shanghai. This city is a refuge for criminals and outlaws from various parts of China and many of them are desperate enough to undertake any criminal commission.

have studied the art of amusing the public, who are professionals in the full meaning of the term, and who will appreciate that they must possess talent that there is a demand for before they are given a position on a bill. Then you will see a revival in vaudeville that will be a surprise to those who are now waving the black flag.

"There was a time in my career when I could stand on my left ear and whistle out of my nose, but those days have passed for me and now I must employ my brains in amusing an audience. Not that I am an old man—far from it—but I have grown a trifle heavy, and then the tight-fitting clothes that are worn now make it inadvisable that I permit both my feet to get too far away from me at the same time. I simply study people, tell them clean stories, and act foolish without being offensive. But I am not a singer or a dancer, yet I dabble a bit in both."

J. M. C.

The municipal jail contained more than 1,200 convicts late in September—a record for this season. Chinese crooks enjoy life in the Shanghai jail. It affords a pleasant home in winter, and offers better food than Chinese coolies are accustomed to.

There is considerable agitation here for the restoration of flogging in an effort to discourage loafers from seeking jail sentences. No other part in China is as lenient to criminals as Shanghai. Under Chinese law, they are flogged for small offenses and executed for serious ones. Here in Shanghai, jail sentences and comfortable lodging make law-breaking very attractive. Recently there have been many cases of Chinese actually assaulting policemen for the sole purpose of getting locked up during the winter.

London.—A tribute to the patriotism, courage and energy of the British fishermen is contained in the government's annual report on sea fisheries for 1914, just issued.

No industry, says the report, has been so greatly affected by the war as sea fishing, and "when the history of the war is written, the country will realize, as it never has before, the supreme value to a maritime power of an organized fishing industry and a daring fishing population."

Notwithstanding the limitation of fishing waters by naval regulations, nine fields and German submarines, there were landed in England and Wales in 1914 some 10,125,000 hundred weight of fish exclusive of shell fish of the value of \$39,235,000, as against 16,152,000 hundred weight in 1913, valued at \$50,045,000. The shell fish catch dropped from the value of \$1,640,000 in 1913 to \$1,445,000 in 1914.

London.—(Correspondence of The Associated Press.)—The most rapidly promoted man in the British army is Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Austin of the 17th Reserve Battalion of the Cheshire regiment, who enlisted as a private in that regiment on Aug. 30, 1914. He enlisted as a stranger, with only some militia experience behind him, and rose rapidly through the non-commissioned ranks to a commission, and then from quartermaster to adjutant, company commander and battalion adjutant with the result that at the end of 11 months he was commanding a regiment.

Daily History Class—Dec. 22.

1807—The embargo on trade with England, etc., took effect, and much loss and discontent resulted. The embargo of 1807 is the most famous in our history.

1914—The Russian siege of Grodno was abandoned by the army of General Dmitrieff owing to pressure by Austrians on the southern flank.